OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—An Indiana woman gave up a trip to California, sold her ticket for half price and returned home from the railroad station on learning that she could not have her pet dog on the car with her.

—Two schoolma'ms, two milliners, one music teacher and two dressmakers were booked to arrive in Phœnix, Arizona, the other day At which the *Gazette* exclaims: "Let them come, God bless them."

—Granite posts five feet high, set at intervals of a mile, are to indicate the boundary line between Pennsylvania and New York, which is now being resurveyed by a commission.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A forger who had fled from Turin to New York was detected by his habit of stuttering, to which he was not subject except when angry. Thinking him the man they were after, the detectives worried him until his angry passions began to rise, and then they had him.—*N. Y. News.*

—There is no record of a human being who has ever passed through the awful caldron of the whirlpool rapids alive, except that of the three men on the Maid of the Mist when she made the trip to escape the law. The firemen were locked in so that they could not escape.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.*

—C. Macnamara, Surgeon in the Calcutta Ophthalmic Hospital, who has written an elaborate treatise, based on years of experience, holds that, with temperance in diet, attention to clothing, pure water for drinking and cooking, and rigid cleanliness of persons, houses and towns, there is little to fear from the cholera.

—T. C. Hunter, of Huntingdon, Pa., saw a stone too large for him to move on the railroad track near his home, and heard the roar of an approaching passenger train. He succeeded, however, in stopping the train, but with not a foot to spare. This was three months ago. He lost his mind through the act, and has recently died a raving maniac. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A British Vice Consul writing from Berdiansk, Russia, says: "American reaping machines command the market and far outstrip all of English make in suiting the requirements of the country. The number sold must be simply colossal, as in nearly every village and colony of South Russia, and also to a considerable extent in the Caucasus, this machine is to be found, and gives universal satisfaction."

—A well-known citizen of Oconee County, Georgia, died lately and was laid out and afterward came to life and told his wife that he had been dead, but was conscious all the time and knew everything that was going on around him, and that he would die again at exactly four o'clock. He talked to his family and gave directions about his estate. Just before four o'clock he closed his eyes and passed away without a struggle.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—An Englishman, writing from this country to a London paper, says: "We have always supposed Englishmen to be stronger physically than Americans, but I think we must certainly overestimate our strength. I am told, upon good authority, that there is an old man in this country who could have slapped Daniel Lambert down three flights of stairs. This old man is so powerful that he amuses himself by lifting cattle from one pasture to another."—*N. Y. Post.*

—A party of California hunters camped in a ravine one night, and, as usual, put a pot of beans on to cook. While sitting around the fire telling yarns and weeping smoke tears, an immense bear joined the circle, whipped the cover off the pot and thrust his paw into the seething supper. Roaring with pain and astonishment, he as quickly drew it out again, overturned the pot with one vigorous blow, and throwing the hot beans into the young men's faces, lumbered off growling into the darkness.—*Chicago News.*

—The shad, although until seven years ago a stranger on the Pacific coast, has multiplied since its introduction to an extent truly remarkable. They are now to be found all along the coast of California, and northward are rapidly making their way. From recent accounts the "run" in the Columbia river this year is something wonderful, and at the present time the fish are so abundant that they are sold at twenty-five cents per hundred, and thousands fail to find purchasers even at that price. Pacific coast people in general consider the shad rather a coarse fish.—*Chicago Times.*

—An example of hard-headedness remarkable even for a negro was exhibited in Philadelphia the other morning by James A. Jones, who, in the course of an altercation in a drinking saloon, was shot three times in the forehead. Jones was surprised, so much surprised indeed as straightway to fall down; and afterward, when his wounds had been dressed at the hospital, he even went so far as to admit that he felt the bullets in his head. But he didn't mind a little thing like that, and insisted upon leaving the hospital. Finally he made so much fuss and noise that he was taken to the police station and locked up.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Sage's Advice.

"Yes, there's money made in stocks, I 'spose," said the solid old farmer, as he hitched around on the head of a sugar barrel, "but my advice to a young man would be to put his money into real estate."

"It might go down," suggested a young man in a brown straw hat.

"Wall, that's according to what ye buy. I've allus did tolerably well."

"What have you invested in in?"

"Graveyards, young man—graveyards. If you kin git into a new town and buy the only piece of rolling ground in the neigeborhood you're dead sure of selling out for a graveyard inside of a year. I've located and sold out seventeen graveyard sites during my life time, and have doubled on each one. Wheat is all right, and hay is all right, but pick fur rolling ground and ho'd fur a graveyard, and they've got to come to your terms or plant their cadavers helter-skelter and do their weepin' during the dry season."—*Wall Street News.*

—Even if a man has two lawns he generally wants a lawn mower.

The Women of Burmah.

The Burmese women are noted for their well-proportioned though small figures. To one accustomed to seeing the regular features so prevalent among the many pretty Indian girls, the Mongol-like features of their Burmese sisters look ugly and repellant, but after a while this impression wears off; the women of the country have many pretty little ways and they are very cleanly. Their hands and feet are small and well shaped, arms symmetrical, the head well put on the neck; their carriage is erect; they allow no hair to grow anywhere except on their heads, where it is most luxuriant, and is taken the greatest care of, tied up a la chinoise, with a wreath or garland of flowers entwined; they disfigure their ears, which are naturally small and pretty, by boring huge holes in the lobes, and wear in them either gold or amber cylindrical shaped ear-rings; they cover themselves over with necklets, bracelets, rings, etc., and the Burmese gold and silver smiths are nearly as good as those in Cuttack, Trichinopoly or Delhi.

A Burmese girl who wishes to kiss presses her nose up against a face and sniffs! She is a born coquette, and will spend hours in adorning her person. Their dress consists of a tight under-jacket to support the bust, and a loose and flowing jacket over for show, a gaudy scarf hangs down over the shoulders; from the waist they wear either a many-colored silk thamine, which exposes the inside of one leg half way up the thigh, or a "loongie," which is more decent, being a sort of petticoat, fastened round the waist and exposing no part of the person. All the women smoke and chew betel-nut, but have nice, white, even teeth; they can swim, as a rule, and delight in dabbling in water, and invariably bathe once, perhaps oftener, during the day.

The Burmese seldom have more than one wife, and she reigns supreme in the house, and conducts the purchase or sale of all necessaries. A girl's great ambition is to keep a stall in a bazar; it is her introduction into society, and is equivalent to our own girls being brought out. They are a merry, pleasant race, and many of the fourth Seikhs, when they returned to the Punjab, took back with them Burmese girls, prefering them as wives to their own far comlier women.

There is not a prettier sight in the world than a crowd gathered round a pagoda on a gala day, with the men resplendent in gorgeous apparel, the women and children in their best, pretty, plump, well made figures, smiling faces, banners streaming, flags flying, backed by the beauty of the scenery and the grand proportions of their numerous pagodas. On these occasions the people are as merry as crickets, are constantly on the move, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. The women cannot as a rule either read or write, for their priests are not allowed to teach them. A few have been educated by well-meaning missionaries, but whether from coming in contact with native children, or some other reason, these girls too often are not as conducted as their more ignorant sisters.

Every Burmese girl is a born actress, and delights in taking a part in a poey, or national drama. There is no stigma attached to women who take a part in these perfomances, as there is to dancing girls in India, and they are invariably well conducted, modest girls. Like the men, the women are inveterate gamblers; at a boat or pony race the men and women bet together freely, and often a girl, after losing all she possesses, will stake herself against what she considers her value, and if she lose, she follows the winner, and becomes his wife. On the slightest provocation a woman will commit suicide, generally by means of opium, which, thanks to a paternal government, can be purchased without restriction in every bazar.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Princes.

In almost every monarchy the position of the members of the royal family is one of the difficulties of statesmen, and we should not wonder if it became one even in England. Princess, indeed—unless they fall in love unwisely, an event which, though it has occurred both in France and Austria, witness the cases of the Duchess de Berry and of Napoleon's widow, the Grand Duchess of Parama, happens wonderfully seldom—are rarely troublesome. Either they marry more or less acceptably and go away or they live at home as quiet daughters of the house, or they vegetate apart from the current of affairs in dignified retirement. They cannot form political parties, they very rarely lead society, and they have not often been so popular as to be individually formidable. In modern history, two Princesses, our own Mary Stuart and the German lady who became Catherine II. of Russia, have headed successful rebellions, the Duchess de Berry was Louis Philippe's most dangerous foe, and the Princess of the Asturias was for a short time supposed to govern Spain, but, as a rule, the lives of royal ladies have interested courtly biographers rather than serious historians. Princes, however, are often troubles. It is, we suppose, impossible to base a system upon pedigree without conferring some kind of importance upon all who can claim that pedigree as their own; and in all States the rivalries, ambitions, popularities, or unpopularities of Princes have fretted or perplexed statesmen. Either the Princes have been employed by the sovereign, which is the more usual policy, and then their disasters have reflected disgrace upon the dynasty in a special manner, and have cost it popularity with the army, or they have been shunted out of politics, and then they have been discontented subjects, formidable from their rank. Some families, such as the Hapsburgs, have been nearly exempt from this danger, which is scarcely noticed in Vehse's pages; but it has been a great one for the Bourbons, it was felt by English Tudors, Stuarts, and the house of Brunswick, and it has not been entirely absent from the history of the Romanoffs. Even in very recent years the Russian Grand Dukes have headed parties in a dangerous way, and the son of Alexander I., the Grand Duke Constantine, never reconciled himself perfectly to his brother's elevation. The late Emperor was repeatedly called upon to "regulate" family difficulties, and in the gossip of Russia, at all events, they press heavily on the present Czar. Even in England, where all such cabals are supposed to be hopelessly out of date and forgotten, history has been compelled, and that very recently, to take note of them. Not to speak of the Tudors, whose reigns were one long war against possible rivals resting their claims on pedigree, and of the Stuarts, who were three times supplanted by cadets—Mary and Anne both reigning because they were Stuart Princesses, and the Electress Sophia being selected by Parliament for the same reason—there was that still obscure affair of the old Duke of Cumberland in 1835. Thousands believed that he aspired to the throne—aspired, we mean, by active intrigue—and Joseph Hume, a keen observer, with exceptional means of information, attacked him in his place in Parliament. It is difficult to believe that the Duke could have so deluded himself, but he had an energetic Orange following, party spirit ran very high, and he may have hoped for a Parliamentary vote. He had a much better position than Monmouth, and it seems incontestable that Monmouth thought the people of England would declare for him and against the legitimate line. He was not wrong in thinking that a "usurpation" was possible.—*The Spectator.*

The Terrors of an Epidemic.

Nothing is more curious than the fact that dying as one of a crowd seems to be more terrible to a man than simply dying his own individual death. Unquestionably there seems to be no kind of death more dreaded by men than death either from sudden catastrophes—like that of the Ring Theater at Vienna and that on the Clyde, for instance—or from pestilence. No doubt, it is perfectly true that death cannot be shared in the same sense in which a peril or a pleasure can be shared; you cannot, in all probability, be conscious of the strength of companionship after life begins to flicker low, nor are there above one or two people in the world with whom most men would covet the sense of companionship in such a moment as that of death. Still, it is somewhat curious that death on a grand scale always seems to be more terrible, even to the separate individuals, than the ordinary death by units. Of course, terror is very catching, and, therefore, the terror of a crowd always enhances the terror of the individual But though that explains the supreme agony of a sinking ship or a burning theater, it does not in the least explain the additional dread of death which plague seems to inspire in individuals, for between the inhabitants of a plague-stricken city there is always very much less active sympathy than there was before the pestilence appeared, and it is rather through the growth of mutual repulsion than through the heightening of a common sympathy that the influence of pestilence is chiefly felt. As a fact, very few patients stricken with ordinary disease who are told that death is inevitable show any panic at all, while the perfectly healthy man, surrounded by pestilence, is too often consumed with a terror which renders him absolutely unfit for the discharge of his duties.—*London Spectator.*

The History of a Suit of Armor.

Large profits would probably be realized by any enterprising speculator who adopted the plan of buying articles of old clothing worn by eminent persons and selling them at some future day as interesting relics, when they would, there can be little doubt, often realize fabulous prices. The happy chances occasionally afforded by dealings of this description are illustrated by the following facts related to us by a correspondent respecting a suit of armor that originally belonged to King Francis I. of France. This armor was bought by the late Sir Anthony Rothschild for £100, and sold by him to the late Lord Ashburnham for £1,000. Some years afterward it was sold by Lord Ashburn for £4,000 to a dealer in curiosities, who resold it within twenty-four hours to a wealthy customer for no less a sum than £17,000. The subsequent history of the armor is even still more remarkable. It was deposited by its purchaser in the Belgrave-Square Pantechnicon, and when that unfortunate building was destroyed by fire the armor was buried beneath the ruins. Dug out of the debris, it was sold for a few pounds as old iron. It survived, however, even this degradation; for, after undergoing a process of renovation, it was subsequently sold to Mr. Spitzer of Paris, for £12,000, where it is said to be now on sale for £20,000.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Style in Leadville.

The fashionable ladies at Leadville are quite as stylish as our eastern belles, although perhaps a little louder. It appears to be the prevailing style here, if one has them, to wear diamonds and full evening dress at the breakfast table. But this is simply a matter of taste. A fine class of people can be found in Leadville, and many pretty residences grace the principal streets. Leadville by gaslight is a revelation to one unacquainted to the strange life of these western mining camps. Harrison avenue, the main thoroughfare, is brilliantly illuminated from one end to the other, and from the hotel window I can look down upon throngs of people. The street is fairly lined with pedestrians, and handsome turnouts and fast horses make the boulevards lively. What this town must have been in '78 I cannot imagine, it is so full of life now. This mountain town, which seems so dull and prosaic by daylight, is certainly a most charming and picturesque spot by gaslight.—*Cor. Boston Post.*

—Alfred Mouchet, a Persian by birth and residence, is dead. He was a horse dealer's assistant, as was known for many years as "the bucket man." But his title to fame serenely rests upon the fact he was the champion glutton of the French capital. On one occasion he devoured at a single meal a whole turkey, a leg of mutton, a pound of cheese, several pounds of bread and a bucketful of wine.

—A farmer standing in a hay field, recently, in Westchester County, N. Y., with a pitchfork in his hand, was struck by lightning and killed.

Sickness and the Appetite.

In many, if not most communities, the crudest, most absurd and unphysiological ideas prevail in reference to the food to be taken in sickness, and the times of taking it, as if the special demand in sickness is for food.

Our course is plainly indicated by our feelings and symptoms when sick, and by the course pursued by the brutes, governed by instinct, never tasting any food when very sick, while in our own case, in forms of violent or acute disease, the appetite is taken away, the taste destroyed, that we need not be tempted to do what would prove harmful, and lastly a nausea is instituted. It is usual for great heat, internal and external, to attend these forms of violent disease, at which time, as a prominent means of reducing such heat, the appetite is supplanted by thirst, water being the article in special demand, not ardent spirits. Nor is this all that water does. The system being in a putrid state, as the cause—or one among them—water dissolves such impurities, favoring their escape through the pores and other excretories.

Since there is an unnatural heat attending such diseases, and since most of our food is taken to sustain the heat at about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit—particularly the sweets, oils and starches—it is injudicious to "add fuel to the fire" by taking food without an appetite, thus aggravating the symptoms. During a high fever and an attack of inflammation, if violent, the gastric juice is not provided, or, if any is found in the stomach, the quantity is insufficient for the purposes of digestion, from which fact we may naturally infer that it is absurd to take food which cannot digest, but must ferment and putrefy. When one is reasonably fleshy at the commencement of a fever, as most are, there is no danger of special suffering for food, so long, at least, as the more violent symptoms continue. There is no philosophy in attempting to force an appetite, since that is supposed to indicate the wants of the system. Most certainly only the plainest and most easily-digested food should ever be given when the stomach is debilitated by disease—as weak as the body as a whole, certainly.

Indeed, it is well to confine the sick, to a great extent, even after the appetite returns, in part to liquids, as the juices of fruits, the grains, etc., demanding no digestion; milk is not included, since it first coagulates, becoming solid before it can digest. I know of no article any better calculated to sufficiently nourish at such a time, improve the appetite, preparing it for action on the recovery, than the *fresh* juices of the apple, while that of the peach, strawberries, pears, and the like, are good, particularly, before a return of a reasonable appetite, while that of grains, as oatmeal, crushed wheat, etc., are very appropriate when considerable nourishment is demanded.

I will add that the appetite is much more reliable in sickness than in health, probably because nature *then* attempts to do her best when aid is most needed. This is well illustrated by the fact that the drunkard has no desire for liquors during a high fever, nor the slave of tobacco for the "vile weed."—*Dr. J. H. Hannaford, in Golden Rule.*

On the Model Farm, Ontario.

The Province pays $30,000 a year to maintain a school for the practical education of farmers. This institution turns out annually from 200 to 300 well disciplined and splendidly equipped men to take charge of the most important, healthy and altogether honorable pursuit on earth. We in the States are accustomed to think if a man is fit for nothing else he can settle down on a farm and get on. We have made the farm the last refuge of the tramp. They here are making the farm the first place for the true gentleman. And this is right. We must have one of these institutions in every State of our Union, a dozen if necessary to dignify and make easy and intelligent the office of the farmer. The trade of war is out of date, the lawyer's office is of doubtful calling, for what does it give to the world in return for his bread. The doctor's place is hardly desirable for a refined nature; but the Canadians have decided that the farmers hold the world on their shoulders and are standing truly by them. They have altogether in the Dominion more than eighty associations devoted to the culture and development of stock and grain. This Province of Quebec has an institution not widely unlike that of Guelph, Ont., only on a much smaller scale. I did not visit this, but am told that it is conducted entirely by a lady. The Province pays $5,000 bounty towards its maintenance. As against them we have only little to show except the school in Michigan. Yet it is true that we have many institutions that profess farming. But I fear they do not practice it as at this model farm. Of course I cannot enter into detail or attempt to digest the big book making up their annual report on this place. But I may say as a cardinal idea they seek to be solidly practical; severely so; to keep the feet of the students set down firmly on the hard earth. They ignore Greek and all such and try to teach common sense. Yet no ignoramus is admitted here by a great deal. Each applicant must be at least sixteen years old, must be of sound morals and good health and pass a very severe matriculation examination if not a graduate of the many high schools in the country.—*Joaquin Miller.*

—Midnight had just struck in Philadelphia when three Chinamen were seen to mysteriously glide from a laundry. The trio drew up in a line. One said something that would look like pied type if printed, and then all started down street at a gait, increasing their speed at each step. "Anything going on?" shouted a policeman. "Nlothin' mlatter," remarked one of the laundrymen. But he showed the following letter from Baltimore: "Can you get me eight or ten of your Chinamen who would be willing, for good pay, to take part in a seventy-two-hour walk at this garden. Would want them for a week. That had caused a pedestrian fever.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—It should always be carefully borne in mind that in bare wire, out of doors, erected for the purpose of conveying electricity, there is always more or less danger to person or property.

Bogus Book-Selling.

"For a steady, all-the-year-round game my friend," said a good-natured Bleeker street swindler to a reporter of the New York *Sun*, you must go into books?"

"Book-making at the races?"

The delicate features of the swindler assumed an expression of disdain. "I'm no sport, thank you. I do not mean anything of the kind. I refer to the book publishing—the cheap press, my son, is our standby. The first thing is to get a book to publish. The most important part of the book is in its name. Something like 'Ten Thousand Hints for Farmers,' or 'Information for Common People,' is what you want. The book can be compiled from the hundred and one similar works by legitimate authors that have gone before it. Having the name and the compiled volume, we take the manuscript to some rat printing office to get it printed. You would be astonished to see what a large bound book we can get up for twenty-five cents a copy on large editions. When you see them on the shelf or in a box they do not look at all bad. The paper is soft, the type is old, and the stitching doesn't count for much, but we have a few samples put together in better shape.

"The selling is the easiest part of the business. The printing we usually pay for; it takes too much time to hunt up new printing offices. To get rid of our stock, which we always call the fifth edition, we send out our commercial traveler and an assistant. You would call the traveler a steerer in a less dignified business. He is a gentleman, every inch of him. He has a knowledge of the world, of the farming community, of human nature in general. He also has a suave manner and a little cash. He seeks the village hotel and gains the acquaintance of the crowd that gathers there. Among them he finds the man of wealth who thinks he knows a good thing when he sees it. The man of wealth is cautious. The commercial traveler has discounted that in advance. We do not wish to sell our books to him for cash. We want to introduce them. We want a man of influence to look after our interest in that town. Our book is exhibited to him, and it is explained to him just how easy it will be to shove the book on his innocent and confiding neighbors at two dollars a volume. To him the price will be fifty per cent off. To start him we say we will consign him one dozen on commission. He has an idea that when goods are 'consigned' they are to be paid for after they are sold. He will try one dozen on those terms. Then we produce the little blank order book. Half the blanks have apparently been used in neighboring counties. We take care that he observes that. The following is a blank:

$.... 188

Messrs. G. PRIMER & Co.,
New York.

GENTLEMEN: You will please send me..... dozen of your work entitled:
"Ten Thousand Hints for Farmers."
I agree to take them from the express office as soon as notified that they have arrived, and to pay all charges. I agree to recommend them to my neighbors, and to use my best endeavors to sell them. I will not sell any one of them for less than $2.

Signed,
.....[Seal.]
.....Witness.

"The blank '$——' is not filled in. A figure 1 is written in at the left side of the blank before the word dozen. It is very simple. Just an order for a dozen books on commission.

"But the skill is required in handling that blank. There is never any hurrying. It takes time. The assistant, who keeps in the background, usually brings in a word just at the right time. He may say, for instance, that it is only a matter of form, anyhow, for it's a transaction among friends. Then the gentlemanly salesman brings out a fountain pen, and his new-found friend tries the new-fangled notion for the first time in his life. The assistant signs as witness. The blank once signed, we always stand treat. We set 'em up to the success of the new enterprise. We invite up all the boys to drink with us. We tell them that our man of wealth has a good thing. We agreed to advertise for the man of wealth. We get a notice in the village paper that he has the exclusive agency for that town.

"Then we raise the order from one dozen to one gross by inserting a figure 2 after the little 1 in the blank. The $—— we fill in to read $144. We send on the books after everyone knows that the man of wealth has the agency. He takes the box home from the express office, wondering why it is so big. He finds that he has more books than he expected. Our collector happens around about the time that the books arrive. He presents the contract for twelve dozen books and asks for the money. He is very polite. He is not angered by rough language. He will accept a note if the man of wealth has not the ready cash. He mentions the notice in the village paper, and says that folks will think the man of wealth an innocent if he tries to back out of a fair bargain. Sometimes a lawyer is engaged to clinch the argument in an obstinate case, but that expense is not often necessary. We always get the money."

"That doesn't seem to be a very large stake for profit, after all."

"No, not very large; but we average two sales a week by working two adjoining villages at once. It isn't a bad business, considering that it verges on honest trade."

"Any other dodges in the book line?"

"Plenty, my son, plenty of them, but they are not so safe as this. Perhaps the next best lay is the herd book. We work that now and then. We start out to make a herd book by securing from country postmasters the names of all the owners of good stock in the neighborhood. Then we send out a circular setting forth the advantages of having stock registered in the herd book. We say that we intend to put this book in the reach of all. We will insert the pedigree of the animal and give the book free for $2. By urging that honest pedigrees be given we obtain a certain credit for honest dealing. As a clincher, we write to each farmer a personal letter. We say we know that he has standing in the community, and that to make the work popular in his neighborhood we will register his stock for $1 for each animal, provided he will not mention the price, but will recommend the book. Sometimes we get as much as $5 from one man. When we have gathered in the boodle we get a few pages of the book set, and then our firm fails. A notice of the bankruptcy is sent to each of the victims. It is all regular.

"One of our fellows was arrested for the game in Buffalo. The charge was using the mails to defraud. The case came on before the United States Commissioner, and he was acquitted. He showed that he had signed a contract with a firm of printers to get out the work, and that the book had been commenced. He said he intended to complete the book as soon as possible. That cleared him. Ill-health caused his failure, of course. Change of climate restored his health."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Man Cat—A Story for the Credulous.

On Saturday night Deputy Sheriff Frank Moffatt, of Oakland, arrived here with an insane patient whose case is one of the most extraordinary on record. The crazy man, Roger Williams, is about twenty-eight years of age, tall and of extremely slender build. He is a graduate of an Eastern college of high repute, and before his reason was overthrown he was recognized among his associates as a man of fine mind and vigorous intellect. He was employed in a professional capacity in San Francisco for some time, at one period studying hard for a doctor's diploma. He had several thousand dollars when he arrived in San Francisco from the East, but his health failing he was put to great expense in traveling to health resorts and paying for medical advice and medicine, so that his means were rapidly absorbed. Feeling unequal to steady work in the city, and knowing that with a diminished income he could not purchase the medical assistance he needed, he concluded to study his own disease and prescribe for himself. It was with this view that he entered the service of a physician of the lower city. The application proving too severe, he left his place, and feeling that country air and outdoor work would be the best tonic for his shattered system he went to work on a farm in the vicinity of Livermore. For a time he seemed to improve, but after three or four months he gave evidences of pulmonary disease, and there was also a wasting away of blood and tissue that left him almost a skeleton. Among his fellow-workers on the farm was a young man of about his own age, who had served an apprenticeship with a doctor. They became warm friends, and in their conversations it was suggested that Williams submit to an experiment in transfusion of blood, in hope that he would gain strength by it. The instruments were secured, but no one could be found who was willing to be bled in behalf of Rogers, and after some delay it was decided to use the blood of an animal. It was here that it was proved that a little learning is a dangerous thing. At first a calf was suggested as the blood supply, but finally it was decided to sacrifice a cat, or a whole colony of cats. The operation was performed, the blood being taken from a number of cats and injected into the veins of Williams The experiment was to an extent successful. The man gained strength and had hope of ultimate recovery, but soon he began to brood over the consequences of incorporating the blood of cats into his own system, and so heavily did it weigh upon his mind that his friends feared for his sanity. He refused to go to bed, saying that he believed he was being transformed into a cat, and preferred to sleep on a rug before the fire. At night, when not asleep, he would wander about the house, jumping the garden fence until tired out, when he would climb to the roof and perch on the chimney. He sought the society of other cats, and at intervals would try to fight with them, only succeeding, however, in scaring them away, when he would return to the house until rested. He manifested the greatest terror of broom-handles and bootjacks, and at last his mania so grew on him that he was confined until examined for commitment to the asylum. During the examination he showed a wonderful propensity for jumping, several times running on all fours and springing over the doctors. Once he jumped through the window, taking the sash with him, and until he was put in a straight jacket could not be kept still. All the time of his antics he kept up an ear-piercing mewing, and at the sight of dogs became frantic. When placed in charge of Deputy Moffat he was tolerably quiet, but soon after getting on the train he tried to jump through the window, and he was strapped to the seat. At the depot here he got loose, and tried to escape under the platform, but was finally lodged in a place of safe keeping. It is not certain whether the cat blood set him crazy, or whether a pre-existing mental weakness fastened upon the incidents of transfusion to set him completely crazy.—*Stockton (Cal.) Independent.*

Religions in India.

The latest statistics upon this subject, founded upon the census of 1882, show that out of the grand total of the population of British India, which is given at 254,899,516, the various sects and castes of Hindoos made up no less than 187,937,450. The Mohammedans, who came next in order, numbered 50,121,585. The nature worshippers, or demonolators, numbered 6,426,511; the Buddhists, 3,418,844; Christians, 1,862,634; Jains, a sect whose worship is mingled Buddhism and Hindoism, 1,221,896; the Sikhs, who are simple Theists, 853,426; and those who come under the heading of other creeds, or were altogether unspecified, 3,057,130. The Christians enumerated are exclusive of persons of European nationality. The number of Roman Catholic Christians was set down as 963,058, or a little over half a million. Indeed, a strict scrutiny is stated to have brought out the total of native Protestant Christians as only a little over half a million. But this number shows the very satisfactory increase of eighty-six per cent in ten years, as in 1871 the total was only 318,363; thirty years ago the number of native Christians was only 102,951. In 1861 this number had increased by fifty-three per cent, and again in 1871 by sixty-one per cent, so that there has been for some time back a rapid and unbroken progress.

—A bolt of lightning struck the ground near East Thompson, Mass., in front of a pair of horses. One was killed and the other, a bay, is now coal black and much faster.—*Boston Post.*